

THE EAGLE'S EYE

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Brigham Young University

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INDIAN WEEK RESULTS



Kneeling l. to r.: Frank McCabe, Larry Yazzie, John Lonewolf, Perry Yazzie, Eugene Begay. Standing l. to r.: Coach Ralph Ashby, Jimmy Bennally, Jim Hawkins, Fred Echobaw, Dale Birdsell, Bobby Lane, Ken Silverhorn, John Powless.

TMF Wins Championship

The Tribe of Many Feathers' Basketball Team won the championship Saturday night at

the National Indian Activities Association's "Get Acquainted" Tournament in Fort Duchesne,

Utah. The tournament was held for two week-ends with 23 teams participating in the competition. TMF beat the Provo skins with a score of 122-63 for first place.

TMF Honorary Chief 1973-74



Bryce Chamberlain Chosen

One of the many highlights of this year's Indian Week was the naming of the Honorary Chief for the year of 1973-74.

A man who is well known by all and is loved by those he associates with in his everyday encounters appreciate a person like Mr. Chamberlain.

He was born in Cedar City, in the southern part of the state in Palute Country. He attended the

University of Utah and is now attending Brigham Young University. His major is Speech and Dramatic Arts. Along with his schooling he is at present coordinator of the Indian Programs and Services.

The Honorary Chief is voted by the Indian students; voting is based on the criteria of helpfulness to everyone in need.

High Scorers

TMF averaged 120 points per game against their opponents throughout the tournament. Using a fast-paced offense, TMF outmaneuvered most of the teams. NIAA adopted international rules for the tournament which speeded up the games last week.

Larry Yazzie, a Junior from Tuba City, Ariz. and Dale Birdsell, a Freshman from Wolf Point, Mont. were voted on the all tourney team for TMF.

New Members

By participating in the tournament, TMF became members of NIAA. NIAA will sponsor a National Indian All-Star Team to participate in AAU Nationals in Baton Rouge, Louisiana in March, 1974, according to Rex A. LaRose, Director of Recreation Department for the Ute Tribe in Fort Duchesne.

Members of the team are:

Dale Birdsell
Larry Yazzie
Perry Yazzie
John Powless
John Lone Wolf
Jim Hawkins
Frank McCabe
Bobby Lane
Fred Echobaw
Jim Bennally
Ken Silverhorn
Eugene Begay
Coach Ralph Ashby

Miss Indian America XX

Maxine Norris, challenges fellow BYU students

Miss Indian America XX, Maxine Norris, challenged the Indian students to follow the sun straight as an arrow for hope, success and to realize our destiny by keeping the commitment of our scholarships to get an education at Brigham Young University.

Miss Norris cried out, at the closing banquet of Indian Week, "Five-hundred Indian students, here at BYU, where are you?" She later said she heard during her stay at BYU, that Indian students are never seen at the library. She was also disappointed in the student participation in Indian Week, especially at panel discussions, lectures and anything that had to do with intellectual thought. The students walked out as soon as a guest speaker was introduced, but jammed the Varsity Theater for talent shows throughout the week.

Miss Indian America XX, added, "Our Indian people are dying, especially the poor, and they look to you (students in college) to bring them out of their misery." We cannot accomplish this without unity, brotherhood, and most of all, education.

She said, "We owe our people the commitments to get an education because, we have been put in colleges by them, while they die because of shame and broken hearts."

However, she was impressed with BYU and the student body, but wishes more of the non-Indian students participated in the activities. "Because of the social pressures that the Indian is involved, the non-Indian should realize this and participate in hopes of learning something from the Indian. At other universities,



Maxine Norris

the Indian suffers because of social pressures and functions, but here at BYU, it's different and the non-Indian should take advantage of it," she stated.

Concerning her role as Miss Indian America, she said she hopes to be an influence for good for the young people and a protector of the Indian culture.

Her personal goal is to do something for her people because "I would not be here without them," but she also stated that the work she is doing can't be achieved without unity.

While preparing to leave she expressed her hope that we will not end our friendship with her. In her own words, "It sounds like a dream, but there's no word for good-bye in my language, that's the way I like to think, we shall meet again."

TV serves 63,000 Navajos

About 45 per cent of the 140,000 Navajos are now being served by an interconnecting television network consisting of three stations which carry news and special events programming for the Navajo Nation, according to Chester Yazzie, BYU graduate, General Manager of Navajo Corporation for Public Broadcasting (NCPB).

Since April 1973, Mr. Yazzie has produced Navajo Language telecasts over KOAL-TV in Flagstaff, Arizona and his telecast is now stated for broadcast over KOAL-TV in Los Angeles and KTAJ-TV in Phoenix are in offing says Yazzie.

NCPB is growing fast and plans to own its own Navajo radio station and a television station in the future. The Navajo Nation is now better well served with Navajo Radio near Gallup, New Mexico. Navajo Times at

Window Rock and DINE BAA HANI at Fort Defiance, Arizona.

There are a number of publications and bulletins produced by the tribal offices, Navajo Community College, grade and high schools and Ainslie Nahilina De Agaditabe (DNA) a legal service program.

The whole some innovative tele-futures are being planned by Yazzie. At present the daily programming features national, regional, and state news.

Immediate plans, according to the Navajo Times, call for the addition of a "Forum Type" program once a week to discuss important issues and to inform the people.

Another program on the planning boards will create an "All Navajo Quiz Show," with questions furnished by the Navajo Community College and The Navajo Tribal Museum.

Harmony: From Where The Sun

Presumably, the theme of this gathering is excerpted from the tragically moving surrender speech of Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé nearly 100 years ago. And, presumably, the "HARMONY" part of the theme is designed to add that spirit of social, cultural and spiritual cooperations and understanding that radiates from Brigham Young University and its Indian programs. The initial theme radiates optimism. I commend you for it.

Within the past week, the National Congress of American Indians has experienced, at our annual convention in Tulsa, a confrontation situation with members of the American Indian Movement. It is unfortunate when Indians in such hostile settings, such confrontation of Indian vs Indian we can only surmise that Indians will lose. Fortunately, the NCAL and AIM leadership displayed such maturity that embarrassing violence and hostility was averted and the convention continued unbroken in a very successful and fruitful completion.

What really concerned me during the on going presence of the American Indian Movement at the convention was the universal countenance of bitterness and hatred in the faces of the youth of AIM.

It occurred to me that, just as fire eats life-giving oxygen and leaves only a vacuum which ultimately destroys the life itself, so must the flames of hatred eat the spirit and leaves only a vacuum of despair in the place of hope. And that vacuum can ultimately explode and destroy the body itself.

No one can seriously deny that there is sufficient reason for anger and impatience at the deplorable conditions in which we honor in must live amid the great wealth in a land that was once ours. The notorious litany of woes which has been recited repeatedly over the past few years, and so harshly dramatized by the Trail of Broken Treaties last year, should say it all.

Chief Joseph, that great Nez Percé leader whom we honor in the theme of this Indian Week, said that "All we ask is an even chance." Yet we find our people with a less than even chance at birth, a less than even chance throughout life, and all too often, frustration and ultimate despair in an early death.

Indian America today, despite great strides in programs and budget increase, still presents a dismal picture. But hatred is not the answer. Determined and resolute resolve and planned dedication is the answer and I am encouraged that I have seen so much of that determination, resolve and dedication here at BYU today.

But I have omitted one important requirement in our efforts for the improvement of our people and that is *definition*.

We must define those areas of greatest need and desire in our separate Indian communities and in the national Indian community.

I would like to attempt to lay some premises in our considerations of what our desires and our needs are. The first premise is this: that we want to remain Indians - that is first and foremost and universal. It is so on the reservations, in fact here in the Tribe of Many Fathers. This is the bond of brotherhood among all Indians is not all credible. We are all Indians and we know it.

The second premise is this: That

we want to live a good life. That desire for a good life is human and natural and transcends many considerations but does not exclude Indians. There are those who will use the accusations that acceptance of any social, technological, political, or cultural change is selling out. To some, the fact that I am presently wearing a suit and tie is an indictment on my ancestry as an Indian and as an advocate for the Indian cause. Indianness is of the spirit, etc.



Charles Trimble, Executive Director NCAL, Ex-President AIM.

Our dress, our actions and our religious beliefs should not be held against us in our common cause for the betterment of the lives of our people. If the acceptance of a new medical-technological method will increase the chance of life for our babies, we should accept it. That is part of the good life we want for our people.

So, we've established that we wish to remain Indians and we wish to live in Indian communities on Indian land.

That desire encompasses the entire scope of our struggle for Indian lands, Indian water rights, and better government.

To date, we have been able to effectively fight a defensive struggle for our lands and our water rights. We have maintained an adequate land base for most of our tribes.

We in NCAL are often compared to AIM in our struggle for largely common goals, and I sometimes resent the comparison. On TV shows, I have been asked if I didn't think that AIM has done more for Indians in one year than NCAL has done in 30 years.

The American Indian Movement necessarily works in a more dramatic and publicized atmosphere. If we joined them in the trenches we may win a battle and lose an entire war.

Whether we like it or not, the U.S. Congress is going to enact legislation into public law by which we must abide. Whether we like it or not, courts are going to rule on matters which set precedent for our children. The National Congress of American Indians is there on the tough, mobile and able to defend Indian Land, Indian rights and Indian interest in the halls of Congress and in the courts.

Though we may say that if NCAL had not been in existence for the past 30 years, Indian people would have less than half of the lands they now have and far fewer unique rights.

In the past 40 years, our tribal governments have had to expend so much of their time and resources in a defensive struggle that they have not been able to devote that time and resources to

the betterment of their tribes' people.

And the time is running out wherein we must, astirral government, be able to more effectively govern and serve our people.

The Wounded Knee occupation of last spring was a confrontation of Indian people against tribal government. That's what it was. It was a confrontation between the Cavalry as was pictured with the federal marshals and the Indian people.

We did back the militants at Wounded Knee; we backed the tribal government. We did this because we believe in the tribal government system; and we are ever aware that the only alternative ever offered to the existence of tribal government has been termination.

But, regardless of whether or not we agree with the occupation of Wounded Knee and the tactics of AIM, it did happen and it pointed out some painful truths to all of us.

It showed the vulnerability of tribal government to take over, not only by militant factions, but by a contemporary federal government as well! It showed at least one tribal chairman that, despite the phoney respect accorded him in official circles, there are few he can count on when desperately in need of support.

And it showed the wrath of a silent people who were angered and frustrated by a system that has done so little for them.

As I said before, the NCAL deplores the tactics of AIM in the Wounded Knee takeover; but I speak for a large segment of the national Indian community in hoping that the defeat of the tribe resulted in a defeat of the status quo.

I hope that we will have learned that change and reform is needed and I hope that we will have the wisdom to make those needed changes.

We have established that we wish to remain Indians; that we wish a good life as Indians; and we wish that good life to be in Indian communities in Indian tribes and on Indian lands. But we must also govern and serve their constituencies better, we stand a good chance of losing them.

There is a dire need for reform in all areas and strains of government. Watergate is bringing that out on the national level; and Wounded Knee II brought it out on the tribal level. But tribal government is the most problematic. The nihilistic militants who would supplant imagined tyranny with real tyranny. And it cannot come from directives of the federal government, but is largely responsible for the sad state of Indian affairs in the first place. It must come from within our tribes. It must be brought at the hands of militants and the federal government together.

We must think about building a government for a 51st state of Indians. That's a challenge with even greater urgency than the tribal government. You will not come prepared with knowledge and hopefully determination, and specialities. We hope you will accept the challenge.

I would like to interpret what Chief Joseph said and add a new meaning to it. I will fight forever for justice and the rights of all Indian people.

Stop my son, not for long, but just for a few moments! Here we go again? Why do you want to get there? Have you counted the cost?

Sometimes it is a very wise gesture to stop and take a few minutes, a few hours, a day or two if necessary, and count the cost of achieving our goals, if we have them. And if we don't have them, it would be most beneficial to us to establish goals for ourselves, for without goals we rarely get anything worthwhile accomplished. Many a student has gone through two or three years of college and never taken the time to really stop and think about or plan where he is going and then wonders why he is not getting anywhere. Someone once said, "If you don't know where you're going, you've already arrived."

Take the analogy of an athlete, if he is to succeed, he must know how far to run? How fast? Probably not far and not very fast. But give him a goal in distance and time that is difficult to achieve. It's a man's reach, should always exceed his grasp" wrote a wise man. And so in life and at college we've been

From Where The Sun Now Stands

By John Powerless

Chief Joseph of the Nez Percé tribe said, "From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever." Chief Joseph made this statement only after a struggle with the Army of the United States government. Chief Joseph's struggles and the struggles of our other Indian tribes have resulted in many defeats. More significantly, these defeats brought a defeat of our pride and dignity.

The word defeat means conquer or overcome, a battle or contest. It also means to setback. Indeed, Indian people have received many setbacks. But to take on the federal government, armies and bureaucracies, emphasis should be placed on Indians because they give Indian people the most problems. Indian people have been told many times that they will be facing new battles and new challenges. It is said that these new battles and new challenges will require much of our people in our time and in our talents. Well, so much for the rhetoric. We have heard all these sayings before. Each of us everyone of us who has attended Brigham Young University has been told how great he or she is. As a result of this syndrome we have a bad case of apathy at BYU.

Apathy results because we feel that there is no hope or because we think everything is great. In the case of apathy at BYU, it results because we think everything is great. Do not be deceived! But wake up! Whether the alarm is at BYU or back home on the reservation makes no difference, because, when you snooze you lose, no matter where you're at.

There is only strength in numbers, at least that's what people say. It would seem that with 500 Indian students (the largest Indian student body at a major university) we would have some type of strength, but we don't. We are like our people back home - divided. Whether we're on the reservation, in the urban areas, or at a university. Division seems to follow us wherever we go. It's like

admonished to get an education, which is good, but it doesn't become a challenge to us until we set goals. How long and how much education. What kind of an education? For what purpose? To take us where? Goals give us a direction, they give us hope and point to an end. And an end in mind we can back away from until we've accomplished it. Otherwise we're forever hacking and never getting anything done. On the obvious are counting on those that try to do everything overnight, all at once, trying to cram four years of learning into one or two. They get discouraged when they don't get anything accomplished. The task is too big and they give up. That's the danger of setting goals too high. There is obvious common wisdom in the words of Richard L. Evans when he said, "The obligations of the future must not weigh us down so that they weigh us down today." To look at the whole load and try to carry the weight of it all at once, could depress, discourage and defeat any of us. With faith and work we may move the mountain in parts and pieces. And so with our education and our lives, we must learn to live and work a day at a time.

a shadow, you never get rid of it.

My son, my daughter, why are you climbing the ladder of education? Could it be that all the rest of your friends are climbing, and you wish to climb with them, or is it because you want to get an education?

Most of us climb the ladder of education with blinders on the side of our eyes. We don't want to see any farther than is necessary. Then at times, we are like the rest of your friends are climbing, and you wish to climb with them, or is it because you want to get an education? Most of us climb the ladder of education with blinders on the side of our eyes. We don't want to see any farther than is necessary. Then at times, we are like the rest of your friends are climbing, and you wish to climb with them, or is it because you want to get an education? Most of us climb the ladder of education with blinders on the side of our eyes. We don't want to see any farther than is necessary. Then at times, we are like the rest of your friends are climbing, and you wish to climb with them, or is it because you want to get an education?

Someone's feed bag over your mouth.

So, "From Where The Sun Now Stands" - What next? Will we stand up to bureaucracies and systems, or will we be like the rest of your friends, listening to sad country western music and feeling sorry for ourselves?

Native American Studies

Dear Editor

The Native American Studies Program at California State University, Hayward, would like to receive your publication. We have been in operation for two years and have about 50 Indian students.

There is a good possibility that some of them are from your tribe or organization. We know that they would want to keep in touch with events in your area.

Could you please put us on your mailing list/subscriber's list? Thank you very much.

Mary Nell Trimble (for)

Native American Student Association

CHRISTMAS FEATURE

... his name was called JESUS... Luke
2:21

In the majestic stillness... filled with
awesome wonder... CHRISTMAS COMES.

The beautiful Season of Christmas sprinkled
the earth with eternal promise for all
mankind.

Like fragrant blossoms which fill the
air... the immortal words... ring out to the
world the true meaning of Christmas.

... Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou has the
words of eternal life. John 6:68



And now it came to pass that Samuel, the Lamanite, did prophesy a great many more things which cannot be written.

And behold, he said unto them: Behold, I give unto you a sign; for five years more cometh, and behold, then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on his name.

And behold, this will I give unto you for a sign at the time of his coming; for behold, there shall be great lights in heaven, inasmuch that in the night before he cometh there shall be no darkness, inasmuch that it shall appear unto man as if it was day.

Therefore, there shall be one day and a night and a day, as if it were one day and there were no night; and this shall be unto you for a sign; for ye shall know of the rising of the sun and also of its setting; therefore they shall know of a surety that there shall be two days and a night; nevertheless the night shall not be darkened; and it shall be the night before he is born.

(Samuel the Lamanite predicts the Christ—Helaman 14:1-4 Book of Mormon)

CHRISTMAS STORIES

Red Cloud and the Spirit Of Christmas

By Lucy Parr

As soon as Red Cloud left the hogan and turned toward the trading post, his feet began hurrying almost by themselves. Often he went to the trading post to visit with Big Hand, who had come from the north, a place he called Utah. For many years he had lived here, because he loved the Navajos. Always had he treated them with respect.

The bright winter sun quickly drove away wisps of morning clouds. Red Cloud had passed through the stand of junipers and was halfway down the slope before he noticed a wagon standing in front of the trading post. He stopped, and his heart bounded like a startled jackrabbit.

Why was Big Hand moving back and forth from the trading post to the wagon, placing all those bags and bundles behind the wagon seat? Surely he did not mean to go away.

Quickly Red Cloud crossed the remaining distance. "Where do you go, my friend?" he stammered. "You-you do not mean to go away from here?"

Red Cloud held his breath until the old man turned, until he saw the smile on Big Hand's face. "No, indeed, I've no intention of such a thing. I'd no more want to leave this fine country than you Navajos would."

"Then why do you load the wagon so?" Red Cloud wanted to know. "I just thought I'd do a little visiting today, stop at the hogans of some of the older folks, the folks who could use a little help this winter," Big Hand answered. "There's Mrs. Blue Goat. Old Bent Pine. A number of others. And that widow at Sand Creek. Four little ones to feed

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Nature Brought the True Spirit Of Christmas

By Lenora Yazzie

The day began once more, the dawn streamed through a small crack in the hut wall, at first it steadied then slowly it ran along the floor, to the bed. It played along the many time resown stitches to an old man's face. It ran along his firm chin, his bridged straight nose to his thick eyebrows. He slowly opened his eyes, the most remarkable features were his deep light blue eyes, very strange for an Indian. But his father was of Swedish descent and his mother was a Navajo. He searched the hut as if expecting something, sensing the cold, he slowly arose: With a few brush, stirred the ashes and adding more dry sticks until he had a roaring fire. His breakfast consisted of hot milk and cheese with a few dried pea ches. Pulling on his thick goatskin coat, he went to meet the coming day. The light from the morning kissed the snow-covered pines, and sparkled in the early light. Strange silence covered the country site, the light reflected off the snow and blinded his eyes, putting on his sunglasses, he looked at the tiny homes below and heard no laughter. He knew they were home by the warm fire with fear for three of their classmates were lost. He went to the small shed and fed his horse and goat. The horse neighed and nudged his arms, funny, he didn't feel like whistling, off he went in the direction of the meeting-house a half-mile away, knowing that he must tell them once again. Maybe this time they will listen, if not, he knew he would go alone on his horse. He hoped they would listen.

The year of the big snow came in the year of 1967 when the entire sky had turned

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● Red Cloud

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and no clan members nearby to help out."

He paused to run a hand through his heavy white hair. "I want to keep alive the spirit of Christmas."

The old man turned back to the trading post and Red Cloud followed more slowly. "Please, old friend. This-this spirit of Christmas? Might I see it?"

Big Hand turned in surprise. "Well, lad, of course you'd not know what I mean. But the Christmas spirit—it is not something that can be seen."

Red Cloud's eyes grew suddenly big. "Then—is this spirit of Christmas like the tchidids, the spirits which my people fear?"

"No, no, lad," the old man said quickly. "This is a good spirit, a spirit of love and happiness."

"Perhaps," Red Cloud caught an excited breath. "Perhaps I might be allowed to go along with you on these visits? Might I help you in your search for this spirit of Christmas?"

"Of course you can," Big Hand agreed. "If you mother says it's all right with her."

were eager smiles, and words of gratitude for Big Hand. And when they drove on, much happiness stayed behind at each hogan.

Red Cloud was proud to be riding with Big Hand on this journey of love and kindness, but he had not found that spirit of Christmas in his heart which his old friend spoke of. Big Hand wore a smile of contentment. Often he sang bits of songs, which he said belonged to this day of Christmas. It was clear that the old man had found the spirit they had come seeking.

But how could it be so, Red Cloud wondered. He had watched closely for this spirit. He had invited it to come. Yet, sitting side by side as they were, it had come to Big Hand and had left Red Cloud alone.

Perhaps this spirit of Christmas was not for Navajo boys. At last they came back to the trading post. Slowly, Red Cloud climbed down from the wagon.

"I feel thanks that I have made this journey with you," he said politely, though he could not quite keep the disappointment from his voice.

"Come inside a bit, lad," the



● Nature Brought Christmas

(Continued from Page 3)

angry and the huge gigantic walls of snow buried the Navajo People without food or clothing. Where nature showed no mercy, taking the lives of livestock, human lives.

This begins the story that occurred during that time, when the big snow unmercifully shook the Navajo Nation. Where three small boys suffered at the hands of nature.

On December 17, a few days before Christmas, the boarding school in Tohachi was still in use, three boys attended this school. Their parents hadn't come for them in two months, so they were making plans on running away. Secretly for three exciting weeks they planned, taking a few cans of cornmeal and forty-five bars of Hersheys and a loaf of bread with a box of matches, stolen from the teacher's desk. How surprised their family would be to see them.

Christmas vacation was almost here and all of their classmates' families had come to get them, but their parents were very poor and couldn't come for lack of transportation in the cold snow.

They began their escape after midnight on Friday night, crawling out the window. They crunched in the 1/2 inch of new fallen-snow frozen during the night. Silently they ran, hoping that no one would see them, towards the mountain, towards home, the familiar playgrounds in the deep woods they ran. They walked all night, and morning found them climbing the rough slopes, towards home, a small hogan in the mountain, ten more miles more. They played in the snow, throwing snowballs burying each other and their laughter reached the snow-hares snuggled in their holes, where the deer stopped to gaze at the three boys.

Their joy and shrills of freedom tickled the pines, re-echoing through the mountains. They stopped at noon, built a fire and ate some of the food and candy and slept.

Evening found them walking in silence no laughter. The sky had suddenly turned ugly orange and red. The clouds turned gray and the angry wind began to blow. The boys, all 14, Henry 12, and Joe 10, all from Lookout

Mountain were scared a little of the approaching darkness, and hurried on. The little boy, Joe began to cry, his nose was red and his hands were cold, his feet were freezing and he was tired. James helped him get on his back and began carrying him. He knew of a cave somewhere to the north. The blinding snow blew and the little boys were frightened and saw the seriousness of the big responsibilities they had undertaken to run away, regretting that they had tried, but it was now too late to turn back.

Henry and Joe were crying by now, but James knew they must find the cave or they will all freeze to death so he urged them to keep running. After midnight James saw the huge pine tree and found the cave. They huddled inside and shivered, and James managed to build a small fire, and undress the boys and rubbed their feet, slowly they warmed up and settled down for the night.

The cold north wind was howling and blowing, and the snow came, all night it snowed. The falling trees beneath the tremendous weight of snow was crashing, hitting the ground continually shaking the cave. James shivered and stared at the cold, dark outside world.

For two days they stayed, eating the bread and cornmeal and

Two Hundred Indians Dead

More than two-hundred Indians have met violent deaths in Kenora, Ontario, Canada since 1970 said recent publication of the "Native Press," a newspaper owned and published by the native people of the North West Territories.

The newspaper reported an unidentified Kenora group in a town of 11,000 released the report which shows the major causes of deaths among Indian men and women are drownings 42, suicide 24, with 12 suspected murdered 7, gunshot and hanging 38, fire 30, exposure 25, car accidents 16, rail 10, assault 4, alcohol poisoning 12, child neglect 2, adult neglect 3, and unknown causes 10.

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candy. Often they told stories about the ancient warriors that hunted the woods, fearing that any moment one would jump out at them. They talked about their parts in the Christmas play of the three wisemen, wishing they were back at school.

The third day found them very weak and sleeping. James' hands and feet had turned a strange bluish-white color though he had kept up the supply of fire wood. Joe was sleeping but had begun coughing up blood. Henry had not awakened from the day before. A new fear came over James, fear of a little boy of an unknown approaching danger. James fell asleep knowing somehow someone will find them. Strangely how warm he suddenly felt, and the fire had gone out long ago. He smiled as he dreamed of his mother bending over the hot fire. Somewhere in a distance there faintly came slightscratching sounds and a harsh heavy breathing. He looked up into the huge face of a mountain lion. . . .

The old man got to the meeting house and saw the decoration of ribbons and painted windows of Santa Claus. Somehow he was not glad, he sighed and walked into the meetinghouse. There were twelve men sitting around the large table, eating and drinking hot chocolate and coffee. Their unshaven faces were rugged and their eyes were blood shot. They were arguing with local police and among themselves, the search had been called off, because of the storm. The officer told them to all go home and enjoy the Christmas Eve, their children need them home. But the men knew somewhere there were three small boys lost, scared. They must be found. The search had begun five days ago when they had been informed the boys were missing. There was not a sign of the boys, the snow was getting too deep. It would be best to quit, there was no more hope. They had families, and livestock to worry about. There was never snow seen as this throughout the history, and they were frightened. Finally the tall police officer stood and announced to the crowd that the search had been called off. For everyone to go home, Christmas is a time to be home. The three mothers cried out and begged for the search to keep on. Pleading

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"I shall ask." Already Red Cloud was halfway to the door.

A short time later, as he rode along on the wagon seat beside his old friend, Red Cloud wished that Juniper and Small Eagle, his younger brother and sister, might also have come along. But his mother had said they were too young for such a journey.

Now Red Cloud watched everything closely, so that later he might tell them of all he had seen.

Red Cloud turned to the old man at his side. "This spirit of Christmas which we seek—how will we know when we have found it?"

Big Hand smiled. "It is a feeling that comes to your heart, making you feel good and happy."

The wagon swayed slightly as the horses moved slowly through the sand. In a soft clear voice Big Hand spoke of a baby named Jesus, who had been born long ago in a faraway land. He had grown to be the world's greatest man.

Red Cloud turned to his friend in awe. "Then it is because of this Jesus Christ, to remember his day of birth, that you wish to do this kind thing for others? That you go to the hogans bearing gifts?"

The old man nodded. Red Cloud felt silent, thinking of this fine thing he had heard.

On across the red-rock and desert country they went, stopping at one hogan after another. Each time they left a few bundles or bags of food. And for old Mrs. Blue Goat, bent under many years of toil, there was a bright blanket as well.

Wherever they stopped there

old man said kindly. "I want to thank you for helping me."

From a box, Big Hand took a long stick of striped candy and passed it to Red Cloud. The boy looked at the candy and his eyes grew big.

But Red Cloud did not eat the candy, not even one taste. Instead he looked up at Big Hand. "I thank you, my friend. This is a fine gift. But I think I shall take it home to Juniper and Small Eagle. For they did not have the pleasure of accompanying you on your journey."

The old man began to smile, a smile that spread wide across his face. And in a moment Red Cloud laughed in delight. For there it was, a warm, happy feeling in his heart—the spirit of Christmas.

This spirit had found him only when he had been willing to give something to someone else, something which he would like very much to keep for himself.

Big Hand put an arm across Red Cloud's shoulders. "I'm proud of you, lad. Proud of your generosity." He smiled once more. "Tomorrow, you bring the little ones here with you. We'll have a Christmas party all our own. It will be good to not be alone at this finest time of the year."

Red Cloud agreed. Then after thanking his old friend once more, he hurried homeward, holding close to his heart the fine, warm spirit of Christmas.

Unique educational package, American Indian Music for the classroom

An educational first American Indian music for classroom study and performance, representing 22 Indian tribes and eight cultural areas of the United States, has been released by Canyon Records in Phoenix, Arizona.

This lexicon of information on music and dance of the American Indian has been researched, compiled and created after two years of extensive work by Dr. Louis W. Ballard, and sums up ten years of his experiences as educator, author, and lecturer-clinician on Indian music at workshops throughout the nation. Ballard's music teaching system will make it possible now for the first time for teachers throughout the world to instruct their classes in the music of the American Indian people and to use this music as a springboard to innovative, creative concepts in basic music education.

The Ballard music education package, produced by Raymond A. Boley of Canyon Records, includes recordings of the teaching of Indian chant, song analysis and dance diagrams, creative art, music and cultural information on over 22 North American Indian tribes, as well as the Eskimo. Designed as a teaching tool for Grades 1-12, both in music classes and general study, the program also has value for college and university departments, in anthropology, sociology, languages, ethnic studies, etc.

Four long-playing recordings are included, featuring music of the Indian people of the Great Basin and Plateau, Pacific Northwest and Alaska, Southwestern, Great Plains and Woodlands. Twenty study photographs, sheet music for each of the 27 songs, a "We, the First Americans" tells 1970 census facts about the American Indian whose ancestors came to what is now the United States about 30,000 years ago. The 20-page booklet has just been published by the Bureau, part of the U.S. Department of Commerce's Social and Economic Statistics Administration. The booklet is another in the series, "We, the Americans," aimed at acquainting school students with findings of the Federal census.

All booklets in the series make use of colorful illustrations and photos as well as simple charts and graphs and non-technical language.

Here are major points in the booklet:

More than half the Indian population of 797,730 between 3 and 34 years old were attending school in 1970, and about 95 per cent of all Indian children aged 7 to 13 were in school last year.

The American Indian population increased by 51 per cent between 1960 and 1970, faster than the national rate.

sounds and the vocabularies of the particular song in question, then analyzes the song content so that the listener acquires an understanding of both the musical and cultural meaning of Indian vocal music.

A descendant of Cherokee and Quapaw chiefs on both sides of his family and a leader in Indian affairs as well as an artist, Ballard won the Indian Achievement Award of 1972, the first musician to receive this distinguished award. Recently he was named Indian of the Year for 1973 by the American Indian Exposition in Anadarko, Oklahoma.

The only American Indian composer of serious art music, Ballard was born in Oklahoma. He was appointed chairman of the music department of the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1962.

In 1968, he became a national curriculum specialist for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, with the task of bringing music into the lives of some 400,000 Indian children in 276 schools from Alaska to Florida. He took a leave of absence from this post in order to complete this multi-media package.

One of the best known of Ballard's many compositions is "Why the Duck has a Short Tail," based on a Navajo legend. Premiered by the Phoenix Symphony in 1969, it has become a children's classic, and has been played by such distinguished orchestras as the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the National Symphony in Washington.

One of Ballard's latest works is a choral cantata, "Portrait of Will," which takes Will Rogers, the great humorist, from his birth in Oklahoma to his death in Alaska. It was premiered by the Kansas City Symphony and narrated by Will Rogers, Jr., of Tucson, Arizona.

"American Indian Music for the Classroom" is being distributed throughout the world by Canyon Records, 4143 North Sixteenth St., Phoenix, Arizona 85016.



This fourth grade class was selected to illustrate the ease with which Indian music can be taught in the classroom. After only four one-hour periods of instruction, the class participated in the recording of four of Dr. Louis Ballard's lessons and sang the songs of the Apache, Seminole, Navajo, and Eskimo. The children are members of Mrs. Jo Hartline's class at Kenilworth School, Phoenix, Arizona and the recording is for the "American Indian Music for the Classroom" multi-media educational package. 1. Children dance the Seminole Duck Dance. 2. Monica Schurz, a Pima Indian, keeps time to the music. 3. Dr. Louis W. Ballard instructs. 4. Raymond A. Boley, president of Canyon Records, presents the first album off the presses to the class, and 5. Tanya Askew, 10, listens to the recorded voices of the children.

SURVIVAL

"This was the greatest compliment I've received"

On the eleventh of September Penny Willow, Lee Yazzie, and Vivian Pooley left on a challenging expedition in Southern Utah which has been commonly known as Survival. Not fully understanding what was to come or what they would learn they willingly left the comforts to travel to live off the land for a month.

In asking them why they decided to go out, they responded by saying that they had heard a lot about the program and they wanted to accept the challenges it offered. They wanted to see if they had the endurance and ability to come out on top.

They felt a special spirit about all the people that went out with them in their groups. They experienced many things together that helped develop a feeling of brotherhood among them.

During this month they went out by themselves and in small and large groups and without their instructors. Lee Yazzie was asked by her instructor to be his assistant for the next survival expedition next year. She said, "This was the greatest compliment I've received. While

*Eagle's Eye
Wishes You a
Merry Christmas*

As we celebrate the birth of Jesus . . . in the warmth of candle glow . . . the happiness of friendships . . . the gifts of love . . . may we be mindful of the true meaning of Christmas

For . . . Christmas unto Christmas . . . shall be endowed with the divine spirit of Christ Jesus.

Faith . . . Hope . . . confidence . . . and healing . . . but the greatest of these is Love.

The peace of God that passeth all understanding. And eternal life for those who believe in God's priceless Christmas Gift . . . Jesus Christ . . .

out there I talked with the Lord all the time, he kept me going when I felt there wasn't any energy left in me." She expressed her desire to get more Indian students interested in going on Survival as her major goal she intends to work on. They highly recommended this program to everyone who would like to accept the challenges it offers. They returned on the eleventh of this month ready to start school or work.



'Butterfly of Hope'



... butterfly of hope is a dramatic story of the 1860's ... a warrior's struggle to free his people from the ever-present aggression of the whiteman ... his struggle to free his soul from the bonds of guilt so he could again obtain a clear mind and live the principles by which he was raised.

... butterfly of hope is an expression ...
... an expression everyone should see ...
... an expression you will not forget ...

BUTTERFLY OF HOPE-JANUARY 31 - FEB. 2, '74

OPERA WORKSHOP IIFAC

Production scheduled for January

Characters

Tse'taa	Ray Baldwin	Louis
Shantaa	Sandy Kerchee	
Tasha	Perslie Tewawina	
Runna	Irene Knudsen	
Sigh-ya	Chuck Blake	
Tall Bear	Larry Yazzie	
Bash-Don	Bryce Neaman	
Light Hair	Gary B. Louis	
Flupotent	McArthur Halona	
Nataan	Langford Pinola	
Koqua	Glenna Jenks	
Azadaz Shundlin	Dola Buffalo	
Mother Earth	Claralynn West	
Medicine Man	Walter Taylor	

Director: Bryce Chamberlain
Assistant Director: Shirley Cloud

Cast

● Nature

(Continued from Page 4)

for the men to find their boys or to at least find the bodies.

The old man had been watching in silence now stepped forth and said, "Last night I prayed again, for these past five days I have prayed, last night I dreamed of a cave, high in the mountains. When I was young, I used to play there. My grandson James knows where it is, that is where I know the boys are." One of the men with nervous hands that kept wiping his eyes said "For the past four days you've been saying that. I say they went south along the highway. The boys would be too frightened to go up the mountain. It's Christmas so I am going on home." Besides how do you know they are there?" The old man replied, "Because my God told me."

"Ha", what a laugh, next you'll be saying you saw God." The old man said, "I am old, I am ready to die soon, I know where my grandson is, I must find him, someday he will be a great man, I must find him. The God has told me to look in the cave, I go,

maybe some of you come?"

One of the men spoke, "I feel that a man has a right to his own religion. I don't want you to ever speak that way with my uncle, first you will have to answer to me first. Understand?"

"We've searched everywhere, along the highway, homes, but no luck, I have five fine boys and know how much they mean to me. They are safe at home, so I am going to keep trying to find them. I am going, I don't know about the rest of you. There is a good chance they'll be there. He left with old man. The room fell silent and one by one, slowly the men went outside. The nervous man, hanging his head in shame in front of the mothers followed them.

The rescue squad of an airplane and a bulldozer began the long climb up the mountain. A helicopter, obtained from Albuquerque flew after the rescue party. After five hours of digging they came upon the cave. The cave was completely blocked by snow and it took another two hours to dig their way through the opening that was packed with ice and snow. When the opening was

Below lines from play
(Medicine Man Prayer about marriage)

From below the rising sun,
From the never ending sphere of life,
From the unknown eternities above,
From mother earth
There comes this moment in time where we have
come together to unite this man and woman.
From here—in this life—to the life beyond our
present state;
From here to the four corners of the earth.
From here to the never ending sphere,
May this man and woman walk in peace,
May life make known its purpose to them,
May they endure hardships and be strengthened
together into one.



CHANT



Chant—

May your bodies and their systems be pure
from all ailments.
May your bodies function that you will bring forth life.
May your hearts be strengthened to endure the darkest side of
life.
May it always be that your home is happy—and that your
fire will never die out
May it ever burn to welcome all into your home.
May life bring to you whatever you are destined to become—
and so it shall be—it is finished, it is finished and so it
is done and in it is done beauty.



Death does not pay for the beauty of having great stature. Which would you say is the great warrior my child. The one who destroys aimlessly for the soul purpose of survival or the one who preserves life when necessary and brings into the hearts of all people kind words that builds and does not destroy?

made, the men all stepped back and the old man looked at the angry clouds and turned to go in. He stepped over the large blocks of snow. It was very dark inside and the room was surprisingly warm. He stopped short and saw blood-stains and wild scratches along the floor and walls, bits of familiar clothing were scattered along the floor. His heart beat faster as he looked in the corners, slowly his eyes adjusted to the darkness and made out the form of two small bundles, his grandson was sitting by the bodies of his friends and sobbing weakly. The old man's heart was swept over and he sat by his grandson and sobbed big racking sobs. He gathered the cold form to him and stumbled out into the cold, the men came and helped him out,

and wrapped the young boy with warm blankets. The quiet grim faces of the men were set as they put the mangled bodies together and wrapped them in the blankets that their mothers had sent with them. The young boys sobs were heard, aching with pain. There was a moment of sadness where the entire party of men cried, for the loss of hope, of searching for hours and days to find a sight of death.

Jingle Bells was playing on one of the radios, and someone hurriedly turned it off. Then slowly and faintly they heard the screaming of the Mountain Lion. Then suddenly they realized what was to be done, they rushed the bodies to the helicopter to be taken to Gallup Hospital. Then to the anxiously awaiting family. On

Christmas Eve, funny how they didn't want to go back. It seemed so peaceful, yet it held such ugly memories for a single little boy.

This was true Christmas, where men gave up their warm fire to search for days in the cutting snow, in vain, to find them. He owed his very life to them. Yes, someday he will be a great man and begin to repay the debt of his life. To mankind, he will give his entire devotion in service.

This young man is named James Yache, an older brother of mine. He is studying to become a doctor at the University of Arizona. Someday the world will hear of his story. Someday the world will feel his helping hands. For his work is kindness and of love. I am proud to be his little sis, as he often calls me.

Indian Week Results

Lamanite Generation

The Lamanite Generation recently returned from their Fall Semester Tour to Colorado and Arizona. The Tour began immediately after the week-long festivities of Indian Week on Friday night November 9, 1973.

Tired and frustrated, the students involved in the Lamanite Generation packed the bus and at 12:00 midnight the roar of the bus engine could be heard no more as it left the Wilkinson Center loading zone.



For the next ten days, the popular singing and dancing group toured through Colorado and Arizona. On November 10, the students of Adams State College in Alamosa, Colorado were invaded by the 37 member cast of the Lamanite Generation. John Maestas, our Chairman of the Indian Education Dept., was there to welcome the group. That evening, the auditorium of Adams State College was filled with singing voices and mixtures of music that thrilled the people in attendance, both young and old.

Such was the way it was for performances in Tucson, Safford, Prescott, Tuba City, and Flagstaff, Arizona. The crowd to each of the performances received the Lamanite Generation with standing ovations and most importantly, with a hand of fellowship and love. Each member of the cast expressed their experiences of this tour as one they will long remember. Not only was it a time for entertainment, but it provided an opportunity to meet others in a spirit of friendship and understanding through the gospel of Jesus Christ. The tour was a



tremendous success for everyone. It could be said that across the many miles, seeds of love and friendship were planted deep in the hearts of those who witnessed the special message that the Lamanite Generation carried to them. Already the Lamanite Generation has carried this message to all parts of America and perhaps one day they will carry this same message to all ends of the world.



noble light pierces the sky, the ecstasy of the morning glory will take us into eternity.

ESSAY

From where the sun now stands, the conflicts of inner struggle among the Indian people must end. We cannot afford to prolong the traditions of our fathers and live on friction against each other, the time has come to harmonize, to unite and to strengthen our people as one.

The barriers of misunderstanding must come down and the hope of brotherhood must be established if the great giant is to wake and speak in these challenging times. The Indian must become one from where the sun now stands and meet the coming day with new weapons against the sad circumstances of poverty, education, transition and social adjustments.

I have witnessed prejudiced remarks and comments against one another's people too many times. Our diversity will only hurt us as we have it today. It is true that we must keep our traditions, culture and pride, but our direction should be to consolidate our purpose to lift the hope of all Indian people.

Throughout the country, I hear the cry of "think Indian," "be Indian" and "feel Indian." Amongst this cry for unity, I see discord in action; I see friction among brothers; I see and hear variance in opinion about the destiny of the Indian. It appears from such situations that the Indian is still lost and uncertain about the purpose in the struggle of gathering the Indian people.

(Continued on Page 8)

200 Dead

(Continued from Page 4)

"Many people have heard of the reputation of Kenora as a tough town where there is mistrust between whites and Indians. Every few months news stories appear about gangs of whites in Kenora who are set on 'teaching the Indians a lesson here,' the paper stated.

"Trouble has broken out several times but until now, no one has stopped to look at the causes for high native unemployment, alcohol-related problems, and a sad cycle of living hopeless lives that seem to stretch ahead into the future for the Indians of Kenora.

"The figures in this report show that many of the violent deaths have been at the hands of other natives as well as whites. Most of the anger the native people feel is first turned on themselves."

The Native Press quoted the report as saying "This report tells of the extent to which sudden deaths, violence and alcoholism affect Indian Canadians while whites live relatively trouble-free lives. A spokesman in Kenora says, 'Indians have had their water poisoned by a chemical company, and had their health broken with no hope for a cure. They have lost their employment fishing, and lost their main source of food - fish.'

"They have been forced to have no hope and now they are lying down waiting to die on the streets. We, as Canadians, haven't done anything to help, we only get in the way, or turn our heads and pretend it isn't happening."

"What price do these Indians have to pay? This is 1973, and they are paying now with their own deaths for developments that benefit white pockets. It's the same old story."

The Native Press tells how mercury from the Dryden Paper Plant poisoned the English River-Wagaboon River water systems. This made it impossible for those employed in fishing business and for personal use to eat the fish.

"The people of Grassy Narrows were losing their eyesight and unable to balance. One of the symptoms of mercury poisoning is increased aggression and aimless acts of violence occurred with deaths increasing.

"Many of the people found they had no way to live after fishing was cut off, and drifted into the already trouble town of Kenora. The town offered little hope.

Reverend John Fullmer who started the study on the report was quoted in the Kenora Press saying "My son just grew as I became aware of the number of people they knew, and the number was so high, we knew that Kenora could no longer ignore what was going on in the back streets and alleys."

About people coming from the mercury-poisoned reserves, Fullmer says, "As bad as the situation is here, they still come here, so it must be hell back there."

Peter Kelly, President of the Indian-Organization-Friend Council Treaty Number was reported as saying in the paper, that the report could prompt young Indians to lash out.

He added although little violence of this nature, just the whites, "I think that is the next step in the process. If we had violence against the white, there would be all kinds of police here... all kinds of programs and money."

Winning Speech & Essay

By RAY BALDWIN LOUIS

FROM WHERE THE SUN NOW STANDS

The noble light pierced the sky, the ecstasy of the morning glory in an unbroken expanse stretched into eternity. A new day was born. As the night faded in the gullies I awoke to the reality of a new beginning. I stood on the hill at the age of nine and trembled in the morning breeze after having made my run.

Rubbing my arms and legs I began the prayer I was taught by old mother: Give me the strength today, bless me with wisdom, keep evil away from me and my home, bless my arms and my legs that I will be strong to run.

Upon finishing, the words of old mother came floating into my mind: That which is apart of you is always far more beautiful than that which you passed by, never knowing; Even though distance comes between you and me my son, you will always hear me, because I speak with love. Be like the eagles my son, spread your wings and gather in the wind of knowledge and rise; Run every morning so your body will not grow old before your time and become weak; Face the bitter wind of the morning to prepare yourself for hard times; Learn to cope with the hardships of life.

Yes, at the age of nine I stood before the rising sun and realized that life was going to be hard; I was afraid yet I didn't know how hard life was going to be in the years to come. Today I know and I can't be happier than to have had the preparation and the

teachings of old mother. Because today I can see that FROM WHERE THE SUN NOW STANDS, the Indian will face more than just the bitter wind. In the days past we have climbed the hills of a new beginning, but now we have mountains to climb and bear the pain of carrying our brother.

In days past we have run the plains in preparation for this day, it is time to run the hill and bear the pain of carrying the torch of hope for our people. In days past we have listened to gain knowledge, now we must speak to be heard and challenge those who have had the advantage for so long. We can no longer stagger the road of mediocrity and hope to make ends meet; we can no longer stumble in blindness and hope to have someone lead us all the time; and we can no longer struggle in opposition with each other.

If we are to meet the challenges of these times and in days to come, if we are to fulfill promises, and if we are to become the road-builders for our people to trod, then...FROM WHERE THE SUN NOW STANDS...we must take hold of the noble torch with pride and dignity and exemplify the leadership that our forefathers portrayed.

We must face these times with courage and knowledge, without them we are doomed for failure. We must gain an understanding of our situation and circumstances and to act with careful thought

and consideration. And unite we must, for without unity we cannot bear the load.

Mahatma Gandhi, one of the greatest leaders of India said, "Unity to be real must stand the severest strain without breaking." Our unity must be such to face the great storm of tomorrow, through brotherhood, understanding and through the gospel of Christ. We need to work to strengthen the weak, those who tend to drag behind. But we must be careful in doing so, Calvin Coolidge, Thirtieth President of the United States said, "Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong." We must not do that!

As a young boy I learned that before a storm arrives, the bitter wind comes and if you're quick enough, you will have your house in order before the storm hits. Brothers and sisters, I feel the bitter wind today. I hear and witness the signs of the times. The approach of evil is strong and likewise the need for young people to stand up for right is strong.

Yes, in this hour of the day, FROM WHERE THE SUN NOW STANDS, the Indian people will face more than just the bitter wind—it is my hope we will have the strength to make it through whatever storm that awaits us FROM WHERE THE SUN NOW STANDS, so in that day when the

Current Indian News

Mel Tonasket New President of NCAI

TULSA, Okla. — (AIPA) — The new president of the National Congress of American Indians (NCAI), a 34 year old tribal councilman named Mel Tonasket from Washington State, views Indian activists as the "Marines" of the Indian world and the moderate Indian leadership as the "diplomats."

Commenting in an interview following his election to the NCAI presidency here on plans for a closed summit meeting upcoming between leading Indian militants and selected tribal chairmen and leaders, Tonasket said:

"That's a meeting which has to take place without the press, in secret — to work out who will do what, and when, and why. I hope we can work out that coordination. There are Marines and then there are the diplomats. Somebody has to take the beach-head, and somebody has to put it back together in the right form."

Fifth Annual NIEA Convention

The National Indian Education Association held their fifth annual conference in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, November 13 thru 16. A total of 3,500 Indian educators, students, consultants, and professionals attended and participated in the four days of meetings, panels and workshops. The NIEA Board had seven positions to fill and nine new student board members to add, so at the end of the conference the Board had expanded from twenty-one to thirty members.

Re-elected to serve another three year term are James Bear Ghost, Education Director National Council Indian Opportunities, Mandan-Arctic; and Dave Rinsing, Director Indian Studies University of California, Hoopa.

The five newly elected board members are: Rick LaPointe, Director Center Satellite Program, University of South Dakota, Rosebud Sioux; Leland Bourdeau, Principal of St. Francis Indian

School, South Dakota; Rosebud Sioux; Henrietta Whiteman, Director Indian Studies, University of Montana, Southern Cheyenne; Loretta Ellis, Chairman of Education Committee for the Great Lakes Inter-Tribal Council, Oneida, Wisconsin, Oneida; and Helen Schierback, doctoral student, Virginia, Polytechnical Institute, Lumbec.

The nine students elected to the board will serve a one year term. They are: Carol McCoy, Acoma-Laguna, Anson (Skip) Baker, Mandan-Hidatsa, Michael Burris, Chippewa, Dennis Decoteau, Chippewa, Adell Gens, Choctaw, Michael Haney, Seminole-Sioux, Patricia Manickiaracine, Oneida.

New officers elected to serve the NIEA Board are: President — Rick LaPointe, Rosebud Sioux, 1st Vice President — Carol McCoy, Acoma-Laguna; 2nd Vice President — Ken Ross, Fladreaux Sioux; Secretary — Loretta Ellis, Oneida and Treasurer — George Scott, Creek.

Indian Bank to Open

Washington, D.C. — W.W. Keeler,

principal chief of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, has been elected chairman of the board of a new national bank to be owned and operated by American Indians — the only one of its kind. The American Indian National Bank expects to open for business in November and will be located in Washington, D.C.

Organized by Americans of Indian descent to further the economic interests of Indians, the bank will serve the Indian community across the nation. In addition to establishing the bank, Indian leaders anticipate that separate financial structures will be created to include industrial and venture capital for initiation and expansion of Indian industries and the organization of Indian insurance programs.

Charles W. Swallow, and Ogla Sioux, was elected second Vice President. He is former chief of credit and financing for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C., a former Federal Home Loan Bank Board examiner, and a former area supervisory investment company examiner for the Small Business Administration.

NCAI REPORT

By LANNY PINOLA

It was a crisp Thursday, October 25th morning when BYU students and three faculty members started out for the Salt Lake Airport. Where were they going? To Tulsa, Oklahoma to attend the annual American Indian Press Association and also the National Congress of American Indian Convention, which was held at the Camelot Inn. Students that attended were Janet Simonson, Shirley Cloud, Norma Powerless, Glenna Jinks, Raghu Horsensson, Howard Ruiner, Lanny Pinola, John Rainer Jr., John Maeates, Bro. Gowans.

Upon arrival in Tulsa Airport, they were taken by car to the Camelot Inn and registered for their rooms and also for the AIPA Convention. It was a unique experience and opportunity to meet and talk with Indian Journalists from throughout the United States on the many issues confronting the American Indian today. There were many related to the Indian Journalism world.

The National Congress of American Indians provided the students with a first hand look at the workings of Indian leadership confronting the many Indian issues.

Another assignment that the students had was to visit the various high schools, boarding schools, and junior colleges with Indian student enrollment. They had to read booklets entitled "Go My Son" for American Indians, the booklet is on the opportunities for higher education in the United States.

The students had the opportunity to speak to many of the students and tried to encourage them to stay in schools and to further their education. It was on this type of experience and visitation that they met Joe Nieto, a senior at Chillico Indian School in Oklahoma. Joe writes poetry for a hobby and he was promised by the Eagle's Eye staff member Lanny Pinola, that if he sent a copy that it would be printed in the next issue.

POEM

*I was raised on the reservation
In an Adobe House, with no
running water
My bed was cradleboard
A sheepskin, and the earth
My food was my mother's breast
I ate with my fingers
And my mom ground corn food
Sometimes I went without eating
My play partners were puppies
The lamb and the lizard
I went barefoot at most times
I carried water from the ditch
I washed my hair with yucca roots
I only spoke my language
I prayed to the great spirit
Some day I'll learn to speak English*

By Joe Nieto

From where the sun now stands, let us come together and speak with one voice, with one mind and with one purpose. For if there are any problems that need to be solved — we can, we should, we need to do it together. There are no problems we cannot solve together.

If we harmonize and use the solid truth of our traditions, we can overcome our friction to unite us all in the coming day. When we destroy these inner struggles, we will create the strongest house from which we will be heard throughout the Indian country. Then is happy rebirth with us all in the coming day. "FROM WHERE THE SUN NOW STANDS," we will be one, we will be strong for harmony is our song.



Under the direction of Sandy Kerchee and Rosie Tosie, the girls of American Indian descent presented a fashion show to a responsive audience during Indian Week.

Breaking down the show into two categories of which were traditional dress and modern dress. The girls captured the audience who responded with oohs and aahs, as the girls moved across the Varsity Theater stage. Sandy Kerchee was the announcer for the traditional portion of the show in which the small children participated. The married students on campus dressed their children in their traditional dress and had them model it. With tears in their

eyes the children presented themselves well to the audience. Moving across the United States from tribe to tribe, Sandy explained the dress of each girl participant.

In the modern sequence, Nora Begay acted as the announcer and she told what the girls were wearing as they modeled before her. Most of the girls in this portion were BYU coeds.

Because of the time element involved the show had to come to an end, but not until Rosie put a good work and appreciation to Lerner's. Lerner supplied the clothes for the modern section of the show. It was well worth the time and we thank the girls for sharing with us their culture.

Girls Basketball Tryouts

There will be basketball tryouts for all girls interested in playing basketball for the Tribe of Many Feathers. The tryouts will be held after Christmas vacation due to the BYU Intramural playoffs.

Those girls interested in playing should please sign the list on the Tribe of Many Feathers' information board in the Brimhall Building.

The team will be playing teams from other schools such as Utah

• ESSAY

(Continued from Page 7)

The way to understanding is faced with opposition through disappointed reactions because a leader is of a certain tribe.

The challenge now, especially for us at BYU, is to unify the Indian students as a strong force that will function as an instrument for our people back home, people who have faith in us.

We have the truth, we have the wisdom, so we should have the discipline to uphold our principles and maintain a strong hold on the rod of everlasting peace. The gospel is important in our lives here at BYU. It should strengthen our relationships with one another.

We have the opportunity to create a good strong foundation for future developments of brotherhood through the gospel here at BYU. We have the teachings and the understandings of love that will pave the way for us to establish a mighty force through the gospel.

We need to tie all of the 500 Indian students together into one strong power in the gospel. Martin Luther King once said, "We must learn to live together as brothers or perish together as fools." The Indian students must take that to light if we must survive the harsh reality of life ahead that we will go through in days to come. With continuance of bad influence flowing in among our houses of order, the concern must increase to have among us spirits that will rise up to meet every approach of evil and destroy that force before it takes anyone of our innocent souls.

Carlos P. Rumulo expressed, "Brotherhood is the very price

State University, Utah Technical College at Salt Lake, and others who we can find.

Come and do your thing — who knows you might make the team. You must, however, have a 2.0 grade point average.

Scottsdale Arts

SCOTTSDALE — The 12th Annual Scottsdale National Indian Arts Exhibition will be held March 6 through 9, at the Safari Hotel Convention Center, Scottsdale, Arizona.

This largest of all Indian art shows in the nation is open to all North American Indian and Eskimo artists, craftsmen, and writers. Monetary awards serve as encouragement, and total over \$8,000. Those who enter are invited as honored guests to the Preview.

The Exhibition is juried, and is always representative of the very finest in Indian paintings, sculpture, and crafts of every kind.

Great emphasis is given student classifications, which are judged separately.

In order to be judged, entries in Creative Writing must be received by December 15, 1973. February 1, 1974, is the deadline for all other entries.

For information, invitations and entry blanks, write the Scottsdale National Indian Arts Council, Inc., P.O. Box 381, Scottsdale, Arizona 85252.

and condition of man's survival." Brotherhood is the survival of the Indian's Plight. Without brotherhood among the Indian, we are bound to fall into the hands of the adversary. If we find ourselves speaking against our brothers, we will be an easy prey for those who want us to go against our brothers and sisters at BYU.

Men have spoken out throughout the making of history to unify the people. Abraham Lincoln spoke no truer words when he said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." We must get away from that and come to an understanding of reality. A reality that if we do not, we will shatter the walls of protection that surround us, even that of the gospel.



THE EAGLE'S EYE

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